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A DELECTABLE LITTLE HISTORY IN METRE.

Of a Lord and his Three Sons, containing his Latter-will and Legacy to them upon his Death-bed, and what befel them after his Death, especially the Midmost and the Youngest.

Revised, Corrected, and Amended, for the Use of Shcools.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

He gotten has all Commendation,
Who Profit has with Pleasure mixt in one.

EDINBURGH,
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A DELECTABLE LITTLE

HISTORY

IN METRE.

HEar Auditors a noble Tale,
This Writing ſhows it wondrous well;
And as mine Author does record,
Upon a Time there was a Lord
Of high Renown, and far more of Degree,
Had no moe Bairns but only Sons Three.
This Noble Lord of high Parentage
Through cruel Sickneſs died of Age;
At the End of his Life near Hand by,
This Lord on Death-bed could he ly.
This Noble Lord withoutten mair,
Said, fetch to me my Son and Heir:
Who came to him right haſtily,
And halſed him right Reverently.
He ſaid, Dear Father, how do ye?
What Man of Craft thinks thou to be?
The Child anſwered his Father, till
What yé Command I ſhall fulfil;
And here I make a moſt great Vow,
That to your bidding *I* ſhall bow.
The Lord anſwer'd his Son theretill,
My broad *Benniſon* I leave thee ſtill.
And all my Lands after my Days,
This Lord until his *Son* he ſays:
with Heart and Mouth to him did ſay,
A Rig I will not put away,
Be Meek and Courteous, kind and free,
And uſe ay good Company,

Devout

Devout to God with True Humilitie,
And without doubt the great God will defend thee,
Keep Honour, Faith, and thy lawlie,
And my broad Benniſon I leave thee.
Strive thou thy Life for to amend,
God will give thee a bleſſed End.
Thy Midmoſt Brother thou ſend to me,
That I may Council him truly.
The Midmoſt Brother was near Hand by,
Came to his Father right ſpeedily,
And halſit him right reverently.
He ſaid, Father now, how do ye?
He ſaid, my Son, as pleaſes God,
For here I have not long abode.
What have ye left me that ye will give,
How think ye Father that I ſhould live?
I am your Son as well as he,
Ye might have left ſome Part to me.
His Father ſaid, I'll not permit,
Thee of my Lands to brook a Bit.
The Eldeſt Brother ſhall them brook,
I would he thee in Service took:
Serve him with all the Craft thou can,
He ſhall thee hold a Gentleman,
Both in Horſe, Clothing, and in Gear.
The Son, ſaid not, I here do Swear.
Serve him wherefore? or yet for why?
He is your Son, and ſo am I.
I'll not him ſerve tho' he were wood,
Fellow right fain is wondrous good.
At him I think nothing to crave,
My Part of Land I think to have:
And all that will take Part with me,
Either in Part or Privity.
The Lord anſwer'd thou ne're was wiſe,
Thou mayſt not come to ſuch a Prize,
Strive not to that thou has no Right,
And to debate thou has no Might.
Yet Son I think thee not to tine,
Take thou that Purſe both good and fine,

It is a Vertue, I let thee wit,
As oft thou puts thy Hand in it,
A Duket of Gold thou shalt find there,
Take forth, and thou shalt spend the mair,
Then thou may be a Man of might.
The Young-man leugh, and went outright,
And of the Purse he was right fain.
When he his Brother meets on the Plain,
He says, Brother; thou stays too long,
Go thou in time for fear of wrong,
For I have here into mine Hand,
That's worth an Earldom of Land.
What our Father had far or near,
All is dispon'd both Land and Gear,
The Youngest said, I care not by,
My Father's Life rather had I,
Nor all the Land and Gear alsway,
Betwixt the Heav'n and Earth this Day.
Sore Sick he is and wondrous woe,
That thou art thus so far him fro,
God grant me his Benniſon e're he die;
He ran to him right hastilie,
And halsit him right reverentlie.
And said Father now, how do ye?
Right Sick and Feeble, and like to die,
My Death draws near, as thou may see,
He says, my Son, come near and hear,
Give me thy Heart, my Son, so dear.
The same Blessing I leave to thee,
That Christ left unto mild Marie.
Son, I can leave thee no more here,
All is dispon'd both Land and Gear,
What Man of Craft thinks thou to be?
A Clark to learn till that I die,
I you beseech my Father in haste,
My Eldest Brother ye would request,
To find me Books and also Claise
That I may learn my God to please:
The Lord answer'd him right untill,
My Eldest Son shall that fulfill,

For I perceive well by thy Face,
That thou art born to meikle Grace,
But Son, I think thee not to tine,
Take thou that Mantle good and fine.
'Tis better to thee than Gold or Land,
The Vertue none does underſtand.
Caſt it about thee when ever thou will,
And thir Words ſay, the Mantle untill,
God and my *Mantle*, and my wiſh,
If I were in the Place where ever it is;
Where ever thou wiſhes for to be,
Thou ſhalt be there right ſpeedilie:
Were it a thouſand *Miles* and mair,
Intill a Clap thou ſhalt be there:
Paſs with my Bleſſing, *I* leave thee it,
To God *I* recommend my Sp'rit.
When he was dead and laid in Beir,
Of his Sons Guiding ye ſhall hear.
The Eldeſt was a noble Lord,
Keeped his Lands in good Record.
The Youngeſt Son keeped the ſchool,
The Midmoſt Brother play'd the Fool.
The Purſe made him ſo high and nice,
He ſet his Brother at little Price,
He grew ſo proud and wanton than,
That he misknew both God and Man:
He had moe Men at his Command,
Nor had the Lord that aught the Land;
He was ſo wanton of Gold and Treaſure,
Defiled Women above Meaſure.
While it fell once upon a *Day*,
In unquoth Land he would aſſay;
Fair Women for Pleaſure to ſang,
In his Country he thought ſo lang.
No ſtay for him, he made Travail,
That he ſaw Ships dreſt for to ſail,
Sine went to ſail with his Meinzee,
Till he came to a far Country;
They ſailed the Day, they ſailed the Night,
Till of a Land they gat a ſight.

The

The whilk was called fair Portugal,
There they landed withoutten fail,
And all his Meinzie at his Back,
Ready him Service for to make.
The King he had a Daughter fair,
Had no moe Bairns, she was his Heir.
He marvels who durst be so bold,
That in his Country enter would,
Withoutten seeking any leave,
The whilk Thing did the King much grieve:
I will pass to him (says he) and speer,
Why they are come, I will require,
If they be Noble men of Blood,
They will give me an Answer good.
Yet at that Time he did not pass,
But charg'd another that readier was;
Bade his Daughter go on her way,
Bring him sure Word whatever they say,
She passed quickly throw the Street,
And with the young Men could she meet,
He halsit her right Reverently,
Syne kneeled low down on his Knee,
And said, Princess, I you beseek,
As ye are Maiden-mild and Meek,
That ye should grant me and my Men,
Here to remain nine Weeks or Ten,
Mine own Goods here only to spend,
Till we see farder e're we wend,
And afterward you Service make,
With Heart and Hand if ye will take,
She says, right welcome shall ye be,
Both to my Father and to me.
Pass throw the Country as ye think best,
And spend your Goods while they may last.
She called a Squire of great Renown,
To convoy them out throw the Town.
And sua departed she and he,
Both blyth and glad as they might be.
Sua long as they baid in the Town,
When it was Time they made them boun,
Spendand and Wastand very fast,

Till ſo it chanced at the laſt
The King himſelf great marvel had,
That Coinzie ſhow him if he wad,
where that he got that kind of Gold,
That ſuch like was not on the Mold.
He ſpended ſo both late and air,
His Gold that was pleaſant and fair:
Ilk Piece thereof he had in Hand,
Did weight two Dukets I underſtand.
The King himſelf was not ſo fed,
Nor yet ſo courtly like becled,
As was that Man of great Renown,
While he remained in the Town,
And yet I never ſaw his maik,
For all his Gold was of one ſtraik,
He got none of it I underſtand,
Sen he came firſt into this Land.
Where could he get that kind of Gold,
That ſpends ſo upon the Mold?
Sen he came here, what he has ſpended.
And what he has, it is not ended?
Right ſo anone the Lady fair,
Who was the King's Daughter and Heir,
She trow'd he was ſome Prince or King,
Was now come to her into Wooing.
He was but a Bairnly Young-man,
That could not ſpeak his own Errand.
She went to him right haſtily,
Requeſted him right reverently,
He would come in her Father's Yeet,
That better Treatment he might get,
And in his Company bring not an,
So blyth he was of that tydan.
He came in haſte at her Command,
Syne reverently he did demand,
When he came there within the Yeet,
The King's Daughter then with him met.
He kneeled low down on his Knee,
And gave great thanks to the Lady.
Likewiſe the Lady thanks him gave,
Till ſhe asked at him what he would have.

My

My asking here is not as now,
My Mind hereafter I will tell you:
Wherefore and why that I come here,
The Matter and Purpose I shall clear.
Ask on (Madam) what is your will,
To do your Pleasure I shall fulfill,
Saving my Honour, and my Life,
To Fight with Spear, with Sword, or Knife,
In Credit, Wealth, or yet Favour,
All shall be whole at your Pleasure.
When Speech was ended, as ye may see,
She took him up right reverentlie,
And said to him right secretlie,
Sir, will ye stay a little with me?
Till that ye drink and drink again,
Sua long as we do here remain.
It shall you not at all displease,
Sit down beside, it will you ease.
Where Love has its Habitation,
Betwixt two it breeds Consolation.
She cry'd for Wine, and to him drank,
He said (Madam) here I you thank:
Caused serve him with dainty chear,
And said, Sir, ye are welcome here.
Then quietly she to him said,
Whereof himself was no ways glad,
Saying to him, Me-thinks ye be,
Who now is come to this Countrie,
Me for to wooe, or for to Geek,
In your own Earan cannot speak,
For as long as ye have here spended,
I marvel that your Gold's not ended.
He says, Lady, I am not King,
Nor has great Lands in Governing.
But if ye will grant me asking,
I will give you a precious thing,
The Vertue thereof no Man does ken,
From this Part to the World's End.
Will thou my True Love for ever be,
And make a Vow but to Love me,
And be my Dear till that I Live,

Nor yet my Perſon for to grieve,
The Vertue of this I ſhall declare,
Where that I got this Gold and maine
And how that I may daily ſpend,
And how this Gold will never take end?
Quoth ſhe, dear welcome mot ye be,
Sua long as your Love lasts trulie,
I ſhall be yours, ye ſhall be mine,
More dearer than Prince Florentine,
I Swear to you my plight trulie,
And ever ſhall till that I die,
Sua that ye keep the like to me,
That I ſhall do right faithfullie,
And if ye keep your Privitie,
Your perfect Truith plight unto me,
And your Intent ſhall have of me,
Sua ye obſerve it honeſtlie.
And ſo thir two gave other their Hand,
To this Agreement true to ſtand,
Both Faith and Truth to her did give,
Syne kiſſed her with her own leave,
At length the Purſe ſhew with his Hand,
Said to her, well ye underſtand,
The ſamine Purſe I let you wit,
Als oft as you put your Hand in it,
A Dukat of Gold ye ſhall find there,
Take forth, and ye ſhall find the mair,
The Lady perceived that it was ſwae,
The Purſe to her ſoon can ſhe tae.
They kiſſed together a good ſpace there,
What other Pleaſure they had mair,
That he chanced upon a Sleep,
The Lady perceived and had good keep,
And privily ſhe paſt away,
Let him ly there while it was Day:
While it was Day and after one,
Wakened belyve, and made great Moan,
None with him but himſelf alone,
Right ſad in Heart and woe began,
And he left there the Lady gent,
Then to his Lodgings ſoon he went.

While on the Morn in the Morning,
Sorrow and Care in his Sojourning,
He looked about, and aſtoniſht ſtood,
And marvelled as he were wood,
Saying to himſelf, what have *I* done?
The great God knows that is abone.
Sua he perceived the Purſe away,
Says, wo is me, and harmſay.
Alas! alas! what ſhall I do?
Or what Airt ſhall *I* turn me to?
Sent back his Boy her for to ſeek,
Beſeek and the Lady both mild and meek,
To ſend him his Purſe bedeen,
That he left in her Chamber Yeſtreen.
Sua ſoon then as the *Boy* come nie,
He kneeled low down on his Knee,
And ſays, Lady, God mot you *Save*,
Of you I muſt good Anſwer have,
My Maſter has ſent me you till,
Beſeek and you of your Good-will,
Of your Good-will and Charity,
A good Anſwer you grant to me.
Wherein ſhall *I* thee *Anſwer* give?
Or if thou ſays ought me to grieve?
Said, what is it thou comes to crave?
Or what is here that thou would have?
Send to my Maſter his Purſe bedeen,
That he left in your Chamber Yeſtreen.
The Lady did ſtart, the Lady lap,
And ilk Hand on another did clap:
Sweith thee Traitour out of my ſight,
Command thy Maſter in all his might,
That he pack out of this Country,
Or I vow he's be hanged hie.
I had rather hang him on a Pin,
Or he came near my Chamber within,
I ſhall gar hang him on a Knag,
If he ſpeak either of Purſe or *Bag*.
The Boy in haſte ſped him away,
Sped him right ſoon, made no delay:
His Maſter toll the Lady ſaid, whereof

Whereof his Maſter was not glad,
Command his Maſter for to wend,
Syne charged him, and all his Men,
To paſs in haſte off that Countrie
Or elſe they would be hanged hie.
And ſince that he was charged ſo,
Of that his Maſter was full woe,
Little ſpending was left him ſel,
Right as the Story doth us tell.
Thus in a *Morning* forth fuir he,
While he came to a far Countrie,
Of his own Life began to irk,
For he could neither beg nor wirk.
Or no ways could he beg nor ſteal,
Tho' he was Poor, he was right leil.
So it fell on an dangerous Year,
That Meat and Drink, and all was dear,
He was ſo Hungry, and put to pine,
That he was fain for to keep Swine.
In all the Land, as I heard tell,
There was but very little Vittel,
He keeped the Swine, I leave him ſtill,
And of the Youngeſt ſpeak I will:
Who keeped the School, a noble Clark,
And of him farder we will carp,
He was a godly Man and wiſe,
It chanced he did get the Priſe,
The Pope of Rome he happ'ned to be,
The Cardinals wrote to ilk Countrie;
Charging them all on Good-fryday,
At Midnight for to Watch and pray,
And ſend to Rome the Holieſt Man.
That the Lord God beſt may or can,
That God would to the Chapter ſend,
On Good-fryday, or it did end.
Both Doors and Windows cloſed faſt,
Syne home incontinent they paſt,
And ſealed the Locks with their own Hand,
And gave the Keys to the Lord of the Land.
The Clark was blyth when he got wit,
His [illegible] about, ſaying
[illegible] Tantle he hint to it,

While on the Morn in the Morning,
Sorrow and Care in his Sojourning,
He looked about, and aſtoniſht ſtood,
And marvelled as he were wood,
Saying to himſelf, what have *I* done?
The great God knows that is abone.
Sua he perceived the Purſe away,
Says, wo is me, and harmſay.
Alas! alas! what ſhall I do?
Or what Airt ſhall *I* turn me to?
Sent back his Boy her for to ſeek,
Beſeek and the Lady both mild and meek,
To ſend him his Purſe bedeen,
That he left in her Chamber Yeſtreen.
Sua ſoon then as the *Boy* come nie,
He kneeled low down on his Knee,
And ſays, Lady, God mot you *Save*,
Of you I muſt good Anſwer have,
My Maſter has ſent me you till,
Beſeek and you of your Good-will,
Of your Good-will and Charity,
A good Anſwer you grant to me.
Wherein ſhall *I* thee *Anſwer* give?
Or if thou ſays ought me to grieve?
Said, what is it thou comes to crave?
Or what is here that thou would have?
Send to my Maſter his Purſe bedeen,
That he left in your Chamber Yeſtreen.
The Lady did ſtart, the Lady lap,
And ilk Hand on another did clap:
Sweith thee Traitour out of my ſight,
Command thy Maſter in all his might,
That he pack out of this Country,
Or I vow he's be hanged hie.
I had rather hang him on a Pin,
Or he came near my Chamber within,
I ſhall gar hang him on a Knag,
If he ſpeak either of Purſe or *Bag*.
The Boy in haſte ſped him away,
Sped him right ſoon, made no delay:
His Maſter told the Lady ſaid, whereof

Whereof his Maſter was not glad,
Command his Maſter for to wend,
Syne charged him, and all his Men,
To paſs in haſte off that Countrie
Or elſe they would be hanged hie.
And ſince that he was charged ſo,
Of that his Maſter was full woe,
Little ſpending was left him ſel,
Right as the Story doth us tell.
Thus in a *Morning* forth fuir he,
While he came to a far Countrie,
Of his own Life began to irk,
For he could neither beg nor wirk.
Or no ways could he beg nor ſteal,
Tho' he was Poor, he was right leil.
So it fell on an dangerous Year,
That Meat and Drink, and all was dear,
He was ſo Hungry, and put to pine,
That he was fain for to keep Swine.
In all the Land, as I heard tell,
There was but very little Vittel,
He keeped the Swine, I leave him ſtill,
And of the Youngeſt ſpeak I will:
Who keeped the *School*, a noble Clark,
And of him farder we will carp,
He was a godly Man and wiſe,
It chanced he did get the Priſe,
The Pope of Rome he happ'ned to be,
The Cardinals wrote to ilk Countrie;
Charging them all on Good-fryday,
At Midnight for to Watch and pray,
And ſend to Rome the Holieſt *Man*.
That the Lord God beſt may or can,
That God would to the Chapter ſend,
On Good-fryday, or it did end.
Both Doors and Windows cloſed faſt,
Syne home incontinent they paſt,
And ſealed the Locks with their own Hand,
And gave th[illegible]eys to the Lord of the Land.
The Clar[illegible]as blyth when he got wit,
His [illegible]antle he hint to it, ſaye

Says God, and my Mantle, and my Wish,
If I were in the Place where ever it is,
In Rome's Seat if I were set,
Soon he was there withoutten let.
Into their Seat when he came in,
He hint his Mantle then fra him,
And syne sat down upon his Knee,
And to the great God prayed he.
Soon after Meat on Good-Fryday,
Lords, Barons, came without delay,
And opened the Chapter with a gin,
Into the Seat when he came in,
They said a Clark was there sittand,
On both his Knees full fast Prayand.
They thanked God both less and mair,
So Holy a Clark was sent them there,
Who was sent by the Holy Spirit,
For to be Pope he was most meet.
Syne with that Word they gave him Doom,
And crowned him the Pope of Rome:
And all the Bells of Rome they rang,
Priests and Friers all they sang.
So daily ilk an with a Shout,
They bore him all the Town about,
And set him down into his Seat,
All Men of him had great conceit.
Now Pope of Rome we leave thee still,
And of the Midmost speak we will,
When that he came within the Town,
To enter in he was most bown.
He told his Brother both less and mair,
Spoiled he was of all most bair.
His Brother was come from far Countrie,
He marvel'd of him to hear and see,
Into the Woods among his Foes,
Has left him neither Gold nor Claes.
The Procession was charged him to meet,
With all Solemnities compleat.
With Honour great, and good intent,
They were all ready incontinent,
But throw the whole Parts of the Street, The

The Pope's Brother there to meet.
Als ſoon as he his Brother ſaw,
Great Pleaſure was among them aw,
Syne took his Brother be the Hand,
So did they all at his Command.
Syne ſaid, Brother, welcome to me,
Ye ſhall want neither Meat nor Fee,
And a new cleithing ye ſhall take,
My Maſter Houſhold I ſhall you make:
And I avow to my ending,
I ſhall you Love attour all thing.
He ſays, Dear Brother, God you reward,
Now have ye made me Lord and Laird,
A Lord of Office ye have me made,
And likeways promiſt fair Lands braid.
He had not been a Month there,
While he thought on his Lady fair,
And thought to win the Purſe again,
And to the Lady do no Pain,
That his Purſe fra him once had tane,
Unto the Pope he ſaid again,
Now Brother dear, I you intreat,
Grant me an asking I think meet.
Then anſwer'd his Brother right reverentlie,
Ask on my Brother, what ever it be,
Says Brother, lend me your Mantle fine,
I Swear to you, I's not it tine,
But bring't again after this Day,
I no ways ſhall put it away.
The Pope anſwered with drearie chear,
I had rather give you my Brother dear,
A Million of Gold, als much of Land,
Nor lend my Mantle out of hand.
As I have ſaid, it ſhall be ſo,
I no ways will it hold thee fro.
Now keep it well, my Brother dear,
With that the Pope made drearie chear,
And fra his Brother turn'd his Back,
Syne took his leave and no more ſpake,
His Brother had his Mantle in Hand,
Caſt it about him where he did ſtand, Said

Said God, and my Mantle, and my Wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
Wherever she be that Lady free,
That took that noble Purse fra me.
Than be these Words came in his Thought,
He was into the Chamber brought.
She was into her Bed Sleepand,
And he upon the Floor Standand,
Laid down his Mantle, and his Wish,
Then he began the Lady to kiss,
First to Kiss, and then to Clap,
Then quietly in the Bed he crap.
The Lady wak'ned with a Cry,
Says, who is this that lies me by?
I pray you tell me the manner,
How came ye in, who brought you here?
Your asking then, whatever it be,
Ye shall it have of me trulie.
He says, my Mantle, and my Wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
Where I desire, or think to be.
There will I be right hastilie.
She said, sweet Sir, for Charitie,
As ye would do any Thing for me,
Now wish me and your Mantle alone,
Into yon place of Marble-stone:
That we may play together there,
And certainly withoutten mair,
Be that same Word came in his Thought,
They were both in the Isle soon brought,
Unto a green Place where they lay,
And unto him these can she say,
Lay down your Head upon my Knee,
That I may look it a little wee.
He needed no ways more bidding.
But suddenly fell on a sleeping,
Upon her Knee lay down his Head,
Of his Mantle he took no dread.
The Lady well perceived that,
Quickly she rose, and the Mantle gat,
The Mantle she took deliverlie, And

And wished her self then right shortlie,
Into her Chamber, and that anone,
And in the Isle left him alone,
Sleeping there like a drunken sow,
Both Purse and Mantle wants he now.
But at the last then wak'ned he,
He mist the Mantle and the Ladie,
Ye may well wit his Heart was sair,
When he mourned and made great Care.
My Purse and Mantle is now both gone,
And in this Island left alone,
No Creature is left with me,
Nor none to bear me Companie.
Or who will any Meat me give?
Great God of Heaven, how should I live?
Much was the Care and Dool he made,
He rave the Hair out of his Head.
He stay'd not there well Days three,
Till he saw Ships upon the Sea,
They sailed right so near hand by,
While they did hear his voice and Cry:
Syne saw him on a Craig standand,
A Man would fain been at Land,
Cryand to them, that they might see,
Help for his Sake that died on Tree.
Said it was Pity for to see,
A Man distrest what ever he be,
Upon yon Craig mourning full sair,
Right sad in Heart, what would ye mair?
The Ship came to the Craig near hand,
Their Language could he not understand:
He knew them not, nor yet they him,
Yet willingly they took him in.
He Syned to them that he would gang,
Showing to them that he thought lang,
He would fain been at Rome again,
But with them he dought not remain,
He wanted Money, thought great Shame,
He thought he was so long fra hame,
With their Cock-boat put him to Land,
Where he might see on ev'ry Hand, He

He passed to a part near by,
For Meat or Drink if he might try.
Geed to a Wood with Heart full fair,
Pleasant and Wholesome was the Air,
He swouned it sorrowfully in that Steed,
That he for Hunger was almost Dead.
He cry'd upon our Lady dear,
That Hunger and Thirst strack him so near:
He looked a little near hand by,
A Tree of Apples he could espy,
Right blyth and glad was of that sight,
He took his Fill even as he might,
And stayed a space beside the Tree,
And said, they were good Companie;
Syne ate his fill of that fair Fruit,
Nor him to gang it was no buit.
Because the Apples that he did eat,
He fand them Taking, and right Sweet:
A smell they had above Measure,
Might pleas'd a King or Emperour,
Alse well for Dames, as mighty Queens,
Was never fairer seen with Een.
I may take Apples now with me,
For Hunger I think not to die;
He pulled the Apples and ate so fast,
And filled himself, till at the last,
He was as Lepper as Lazarus,
Or any in the World I wish.
His Head over spread with Byles black,
That none might ken a Word he spake,
Right wisely then perceived he,
And saw fair Pears upon a Tree,
He pull'd the Pears but any baid,
Right gladly ate e're he furder gaid:
Sua Lepper he was, he would have been,
For to have gotten Medicine
The Pears he ate, the Story does say,
Whilk put the Leprosie clean away.
He was als clean, the Story says this,
As any into the Word I wish.
With him he carried of Apples Threescore;

Of

Of them ſurely he took no more,
And twiſe as many of the Pears he took,
That he took with him he none forſook.
And if the Apples made Lepperous,
The Pears healed moſt precious,
Of both the ſorts with him he had,
All Men was welcome, buy who wad.
Thir Apples that this Man on fell,
Brought him great good, I ſhall you tell.
The Apples he carried him about,
A ſtrange Vertue they had but doubt,
He carried theſe Apples as he did paſs,
And took them where the Lady was.
Upon a Time to the Kirk he came,
where he ſaw many a Lady and Dame,
And as he ſat in the Kirk-yard,
There came about him ſuch a Guard,
To buy theſe Apples pleaſant and fair,
And many People he ſaw there.
Unto the Kirk ſyne could he paſs,
Baid ſtill, and ſaw where the Lady was,
That Purſe and Mantle had fra him tane,
He Thought to do the Lady much Pain.
Thus thinking there as could gang,
To bring the Lady into ſuch thrang,
Saying unto himſelf alone,
But kind of Words fair ſpake he none,
He wiſt not to whom his Moan to make,
He went to Church-door a Seat to take.
And at the Kirk door he ſat down,
Where that Lady went ready Boun,
He knew right well ſhe would be there,
Where that ſhe uſed to make repair.
The Apples was ſeemly for to be ſeen,
Men did not ſee ſuch with their Een.
There gathered about him a great many,
They wondred meikle the Apples to ſee,
How ſell ye the Apples they bade him tell?
For Ten Dukats the Piece I ſell:
Pleaſe you to buy, I will take Money,
Stand by if ye will not buy ony.

Do not ſtand here my Market to ſpill,
I bid none buy, but theſe that will.
In the mean Time the Lady was command,
Unto the Kirk with Maidens in a Band,
She ſtrangely marvel'd at the repair ſhe ſaw,
And hitherward then ſhe began to draw.
A Maiden anſwerit I ſhall you tell,
A daſt Fellow it is has Apples to ſell,
They are very fair and ſeemly to ſee,
Ten Dukats the Piece for them asks he,
The People anſwer'd, cal'd him daſt Man,
As for one Apple to ſeek that Price than.
It cannot be but they have a Vertue,
The Apples right pleaſant has a fair ſhew.
Then forward to the Market the Lady can gang,
To ſee the Apples ſhe thought great lang:
Some of them bought ſhe, it was her Pleaſure.
To look and to view ſhe took good leaſure.
None of them ſhe priev'd till Morn Afternoon,
And for that cauſe ſhe ſped her Home ſoon,
And when ſhe came into her Father's Hall,
Syne after her Maidens ſhortly did call,
Bring hither the Apples ye bought to me,
For they are right fair and ſeemly to ſee;
She ate of them there, and thought them right
Till ſhe was as Lepper as any Lazarus, (Dulce,
Her Head over-ſpread with Byles black,
That none might hear a Word ſhe ſpake.
Syne looked in a Glaſs, and ſaw her ſelf ſo,
Out of her right Wits ſhe was like to go.
Dary and the Hour that ever ſhe was born,
She ſaw her ſelf ſo, alas! I'm forlorn.
Be that her Father came in right at noon,
And call'd for his Daughter to come to him ſoon
Then a Maiden anſwer'd, meekly and ſpake,
Your Daughter is vexed with ugly Byles black.
I cannot tell you how it fell the Caſe,
Be that the red Blood ſhot into his Face.
Her Father came ſoon without any baid,
Received his Daughter in his Arms he did,

Right

Right ſore he Grate for his Daughter's Skaith,
For ſhe to him Comfort and Joy brought baith,
He now does ſay alas, full woe is me,
Upon my Daughter this ſad Sight for to ſee.
She ſaid to her Father, my Heart is full woe,
Now what ſhall I do? or where ſhall I go?
The King then ſaid, good Lords of Grace,
Cauſe ſhortly Proclaim into ev'ry Place,
If any there be that her hail might,
My Daughter ſhall them Marry outright.
Then to his Counſel the Lords came in hy,
Both great and ſmall and that haſtily.
Throw all Portugal, both up and down,
Proclaimed throw Land, and eik Borrowſtoun.
The Gentleman could well the Matter ſpeir,
Right Blyth he was theſe Tydings for to hear,
Yet he thought again the Lady to beguile.
Both Purſe and the Mantle to get with a wile,
Prepared Clothes right ſeemly to be ſeen,
Syne call'd himſelf a Doctor of Medicine.
This Lord he Rod unto the Borrowſtoun,
At the beſt Loodging therein he lighted down,
After the Hoſtage incontinent ſpeirit,
Both Horſe and Man after him requierit.
Spare for no Coſt, altho' no Lord I be,
What ever Count, it ſhall be pay'd ſurely.
They were right glad the Tidings that he ſpake
Yea Man and Horſe did both him Service make,
So paſt his Time compleat there Days three,
The Hoſtage ſaid to him, Sir, what will ye?
A Doctor of Medicine, I'm ready at command,
Ther's not in Chriſtendome, I ſay this Day livand
Can heal Diſeaſes that I will take in hand,
And thereon I will lay my Life in pand.
The Hoſtage ſaid, of Leproſie have ye skill?
Yea, I can heal it, and that right wonder well'
Then was he right blyth of that certainty,
So was there one paſt from his Company,
And then anone they went and told the King,
That ſuch a Man in his Bounds was living,

A fine Doctor, the beſt in all this Land,
No finer is, as we now underſtand;
The King was glad, and his Daughter alſo,
Commands the Porter unto him for to go,
Who made no ſtay, but came incontinent,
Let me ſee now where is the Patient,
That I ſhould Heal, and alſo take the Cure,
That I ſhall do by God's Grace be ye ſure.
Take ye no fear, ſince I have tane in hand,
God be my guide, he is my ſure warrand,
Let no dreadour enter into your Heart,
I ſhall her heal before I do depart,
Or loſs my Life before that I do go,
What I have ſaid, if that it be not ſo.
When that he came, he ſaw the Lady ſtand
This Lepperneſs will I now take in hand,
Mend her Sickneſs in Truth I take no fear;
Becauſe I know the Form and the manner,
To hail her Perſon both without and in,
And likeways als what Faſhion to begin,
If ye will keep your Promiſe unto me,
What I have ſaid, in Faith and Truth to be.
What I have Sworn I ſhall keep very well,
What I have ſaid, ſhall teſtifie my ſell.
Nor ſhall deny the Thing that I have ſaid,
whereof the Doctor was both blyth and glad,
The Company rejoiced all about,
The King's Daughter made hail without doubt,
Fra ſhe heard that, rejoiced greatumlie,
Before them came and halſit the Companie,
Then ſhe before her Father lighted down,
And unto God made her Devotion.
That ſame Command ſhe vowed to fulfil,
Without fainting, of deceit theintill.
Get up right ſoon, and riſe up off your Knee,
Make true Confeſſion both to God and me,
And if that ye make your Confeſſion leil,
I promiſe here to make you ſound and well.
So ſhe ſhew forth, and her Confeſſion made,
The Purſe and Mantle no ways ſhe opened;
And ſo theſe two ſhe keeped ſtill in Mind.

Re-

Reveal'd them not, but keep her ſelf in pine,
Caus'd her grow worſe into her Leproſie,
She ſaid alas, alas, and woe is me.
Now *I* am worſe than ever *I* was before,
Full wo is me, and woe is me therefore.
The Doctor anſwer'd, ſaying, *I* have no might,
To help you now, ye have not told the right;
I am right ſure ſomething ye have forget
Hid in your Heart, to tell ye will not let.
Out of the World far better I had been,
To kyth my Craft, & ye no ways made clean.
The King ſaid, Daughter, likes thou to be haſt,
I thee requeſt make thy Confeſſion leil.
And here *I* pray the great God abone,
without Diſſimulance make thy Confeſſion,
A Lippered Woman again ſhall never be,
Nor ever vext with ſuch *Infirmitie*.
When *I* am Dead, he's be King after me,
Pleaſe thou him Wed, and married on him be
If thou deſires it ly into thy Heart,
That thou and he in Love be afterwart:
He to be King, and thou the Queen alſo,
From bail to bleſs ye may together go.
The Daughter ſaid, remain, and now bide ſtill,
And my Confeſſion I ſhall declare you till.
Now Lord of Heaven, thou knows I did receive
A Purſe and Mantle that wrongouſly I have,
While *I* took fra a young-man ſeckerlie,
Who was then once familiar with me.
In Marvel Yet *I* left him mourning ſore,
Pennance for him I dree'd the ſame therefore.
This is the cauſe that *I* do wiſh for him,
Health to my Body both without and within.
The Doctor ſaid, thir twa ye caſt you fra,
And ſee that ye forſake the ſame alſwa:
And beſeek God where ye are on your Knee,
The *Purſe* and Mantle ye render unto me.
She ſaid, Sir, I beſeek with all my will,
The Purſe and Mantle ye freely take you till.
The Gentleman was blyth I underſtand,
Perceiv'd them both & took them in his hand.

The

Then past aside a little the Lady fra,
And said these Words before he past away.
Now God, and my *Mantle*, and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is.
Be this was said, incontinent he was there,
And left the Lady into great dole and care.
Dary and the *Time* that she was ever born,
Into that wretched *Life* thus for to be forlorn.
Thus leave I now the lady sick and fair,
And to return to Rome, *I* now will fair.
And show my Brother of my great craft & Skill,
The Truth to see, and als to know my will.
How I have done, & what way I have wrought,
The Purse & *Mantle* how I again have brought,
Of my coming he will be wondrous blyth,
And als be glad, I pray God make me thrive,
He would not bide, but went to him right soon,
He said, Brother, ye're welcome here to Rome,
I have gotten my Purse and my *Mantle* again,
Brother, said he, of that *I* am right fain.
She that deceived me both meek and mild,
Is Lepper Sick, and I have her beguil'd,
Fy now, he says, that will our Conscience grieve
Keep God's command, & help her for to live:
If thou have any skil throw help of God & Man,
Help thou the Lady with all the craft thou can,
Be not unkind, but help with all thy might,
Do her the good thou can both Day & Night,
If she were whole and seemly to be seen,
Great commendation bears where she has been.
Right shortly go and help her out of pain,
Show Love to her who can the Love again,
Do not deny, but grant when thou is here,
And for her sake see that thou to me Swear,
Thou shall do right, & not thy Conscience grieve
But truly help, and I will thee believe,
Thou'le be her Husband, syne wed her with a Ring,
And after that unto thy Bed her bring:
Syne as a Prince live at thy own liking,
It may befall thereafter thou be King,
To that effect grant writ most hastily, And

And for to pray the King especially.
Sayand, my Brothers, and worthy Gentleman;
Of Medicine full well the Craft he can,
All sort of Sickness, we hear that he can heal
He Leprosie can cure withoutten fail.
We hear ye have a Daughter Wise and Fair,
No moe ye have, we know she is your Heir,
I am inform'd for my Brother she is meet,
Betwixt them both would ye the Band compleat
Great pity is that ought should now her ail,
I would she were relieved, and made heal,
If that ye please, he Wed her with a Ring,
And after that in Portugal be King.
The Letters then to Portugal went right soon,
If this matter betwixt them might be done,
And so conclude, amongst them make a Band,
The cause & why, how the Matter should stand,
With their Consents, and yours that it might be,
'Twixt Pope and King this was made sickerlie.
Syne send his Brother with Letters of Pearchment
That written was within to stand content,
So at that Time the Letters to him gave,
Saying to him, my Blessing mot ye have.
Go on thy way, thou take thir Men with thee,
forsooth they are a goodly Companie,
With thee to fair in Ship as ye may Sail,
Till that ye come to Land in Portugal.
I give thee here a Million for to spend,
Altho' thou Sail'd unto the World's End.
When thou art come into the King's Palace,
Show my Commission, & thanks unto his Grace,
Syne come again to Rome and show to me
With thy Message, what the King said to thee:
If his Daughter thou heal of her Disease,
The samin done, my self it shall well please.
Sua the Lady was brought from Care to Bless,
And after that, she ay remained his.
Syne marryed her with Joy and Comforting,
So he gave her rich Rubies in a Ring:
In midst of it a great Jewel there was,
Shin'd more bright nor glittering was the gla[s]

The price of it as I heard *Men* right tell,
Was worth the half the Kingdom of Portugal,
Rich was that Jewel, if richer there might be,
The like I hear was not in no Countrie,
For Preciousnes, and Vertue that it had,
It was so fine that she thereof was glad,
Content she was to do all his bidding,
And him obey and pleased him in all thing,
With Earls, Lords, Knights, Barons, comforting,
What wisht she more, she had much rejoicing,
The Nobles all that dwelt in her Countrie,
Were all obedient unto her *Majestie*,
Ready to do her Service and Pleasure,
What she would have of Gold & Rich Treasure,
Brought to her Grace abundance of plentie,
Of Rich Jewels and wonders for to see.
They gave her one that was most worth them all,
The sight of it shined on every Wall.
For why it was a thing most precious,
Shining within like Rubies radious,
And so without, as many one might see,
A Vertue had, all marvel'd what it could be,
In such a Jewel, that all Men marvel had,
Of what Sickness it healed Lass and Lad.
So to be short in this my *Tale I* tell,
The sum in was, the *Book* shows wondrous teil.
Thir two was Marry'd, liv'd in Joy and bless,
In earthly Pleasure no farder could they wish.
They had Delights and Pleasures manifold,
In Earthly thing with pleasure that they would
Of Children I hear none was them between,
They wanted not what might them entertain,
At length deceast, no farder can I tell,
But I do hope that they in *Heaven* do Dwell.

FINIS.